

## Woman and Her Work

I was speaking not long ago of the strange employments women often resorted to in order to earn a living, and it really looks as if the list would never be complete. Almost every week one reads of some new industry devised by women for the purpose of supporting themselves, and their families. Two of the latest specialties which are yielding satisfactory incomes to the women who practice them, are nut-cracking, or more properly nut shelling, and floor cleaning.

Neither of these occupations have hitherto been regarded as special branches, but the enterprise of the women who have taken them up has transformed them into regular businesses. The first of these female pioneers is a Mrs. Barotti of Chicago who makes a good living by conducting a nut shelling establishment. Of course there are other places in Chicago where nuts are cracked and sold, but Mrs. Barotti's is by far the best known and most popular amongst society people, confectioners and street vendors. Her place of business is a long narrow room opening on the street, in the business portion of the city. Down the centre runs a long table at which sit men, women, and children each provided with a square iron slab piled high with nuts on one side, and a hammer, and each worker pounds away from morning till night at the quickly replenished pile. Of course great skill is required to extract the kernels without breaking them, but only practiced workmen are employed, and a good nut cracker can turn out sixteen pounds of good clean nuts in a day; for which he receives two dollars or a trifle more. The work is not by any means hard, as the worker sits all the time but of course it is monotonous. Mrs. Barotti employs from thirty to fifty hands during the busy season, which is from now till the Christmas holidays and her business pays well.

Philadelphia is not supposed to be a very enterprising city, but yet a Philadelphia woman has struck upon a very original plan of turning physical strength and will into cash. When left a widow totally unprovided for, and with four small children to support, she decided to adopt the unique profession of cleaning floors; she was not a common char-woman who simply did scrubbing, but devoted her attention to those floors which are either of hard wood, or tiles, or else covered with oilcloth, and so well has she worked her specialty, that her customers would not think of allowing anyone else to touch their floors. An expert worker can clean them with wonderful rapidity, as this woman has proven, and she usually puts a floor of average size in perfect order in half an hour. For this her charge is twenty-five cents, and she always carries her own tools for getting off the dirt and putting on the polish, using the soap, polish brushes and clothes which experience has taught her are best suited to her purpose. She has a certain half hour on a certain day for each customer, and as she is a very exact woman and plans her work carefully, she earns from three to four dollars a day. Her customers respect her business habits and knowing that she is sure to be punctual they always have the kitchen ready for her, so she shall not be delayed. She likes her work, and says she far prefers it to standing behind a counter, or doing many of the things which other women who were obliged to earn their living might consider more respectable.

Another unusual industry, which is flourishing in New York city is a mending syndicate on a small scale, who earn their living by doing professional mending. A reasonable amount of expertness with the needle is the only qualification required for membership, and as they really have no place of business and therefore no expenses their earnings are clear profit. These menders are missionaries in a certain sense going about doing good as they do not

wait to be sought, but seek out bachelors at their boarding houses, apartments and hotels, and make a contract to keep buttons on shirts, vests, coats and trousers, to darn socks, and those provoking golf stockings which cost such a long price, which varies according to the size of a man's wardrobe.

When one considers the prices charged by tailors for making repairs, even sewing on buttons, and the expense unfortunate bachelors are put to by being compelled to buy new clothes simply because they have no way of getting their half worn ones repaired, the term of "missionaries" seems appropriate. Fancy the relief of those helpless men at having a sort of travelling repair shop on constant call, and a repair shop which will cheerfully renovate garments which no tailor could be induced to touch, and no laundress, however highly paid, could waste her time over! They have only to pay a price which seems nominal to them, appoint certain days when the ladies shall have the freedom of their rooms; and then come home to find that the good fairies have dropped in during their absence, and put things in perfect order. The members visit their customers at stated intervals and, as of course, well known to the boarding house, and apartment people so there is difficulty about being admitted.

And yet some people say woman have no inventive genius!

I see that the Governor General and his energetic lady are being very severely "called down" by some of the upper Canadian papers, for the truly singular course they have chosen to pursue in taking a sort of begging trip to the United States and asking the Americans to aid poor benighted Canada in providing nurses for her sick. The Brockville Times thus delivers itself on the subject—

"On Saturday last Lady Aberdeen addressed a public meeting in Boston and solicited contributions to aid her ladyship's scheme of establishing an order of uniformed and tagged nurses for the people of Canada.

"This is too much.

"Our governess general is not content with showing us in Canada that she regards us as refractory children, to whom she is determined to administer her bolus by main strength, it is necessary; she goes to alien cities and solicits pennies for her tiresome scheme, as if we were poor benighted south sea islanders and she were the canvassing agent of a society for sending us red flannel handkerchiefs adorned with moral pictures and improving mottoes.

"This is too, too much!

This is rather strong, but the Hamilton Spectator goes one better and relieves its feelings in the following drastic paragraph.

"Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been in the United States begging for money to help the Victorian Order of Nurses scheme. They addressed a meeting in Boston, and slips of paper were handed to those present, bearing the following:

"I hereby subscribe the amount named below towards one of the cottage homes to be used as an emergency hospital, and to be called the 'Massachusetts.' Subscriptions of small sums will be as welcome as of larger ones."

"It was bad enough when the governor-general sought to induce Canadians to make paupers of their fellow-countrymen by the establishment of any absurd nurse scheme; but when the governor-general of Canada goes to the United States and proclaims Canada to be a pauper community, urgently in need of Yankee money, it is high time that some good friend whispered a little good round advice in his ear. Canada is no beggar seeking for the dimes and dollars of the Yankees: Canada neither needs, or wants a 'Massachusetts' cottage; Canada does not thank her governor-general for his persistent endeavors to pauperize and patronize Canadians. His excellency will do well to confine his work for Canada to its legitimate sphere."

That Massachusetts cottage certainly does rankle in the true Canadian breast, and one cannot help admiring the sturdy patriotism of the Spectator's editor even if one does not quite agree with his sentiments. We are not beggars, and it is unpleasant to be placed in that position against our will.

If you want your autumn costume to be stylish have it braided. If you want it to be very stylish indeed have just a little more braid put on, and if you are anxious to be in the very height of the mode, have it braided all over. Of course the more braid the larger the bill, for the dandied modiste has arisen in the majesty of her power, and announced that the elaborate decorations in braid which are so fashionable now, will no longer be included in her bill for the making of a dress, but

## 88 Pairs

of Misses Dongola Kid Slippers, bought as a bargain and will be sold as such (sizes 11 to 1). Regular price \$1.25, but this lot we will sell at 50cts. per pair

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will be distinctly an "extra." It could scarcely be otherwise, seeing that many costumes have the entire front breadth braided in an elaborate design, while a simpler pattern runs all the way round the skirt, and the bodice is literally covered with braid. There is far more work on the decoration of such a gown than in the mere putting of it together, and it is only fair that the dressmaker should be properly remunerated.

As usual the tailor made gown distances all competitors in general favor; nothing ever seems to affect its popularity, but quite naturally it has changed its characteristics with the changing fashions. For morning and travelling wear, it is as plain as it, and all its relations were, when they first came into fashion; but for more elaborate occasions it is a very glorified garment indeed when seen by the side of the plainer sister. The French tailor gown is trimmed and braided and ornamented almost without limit, and is the correct costume for calling, afternoon teas, luncheons and receptions; it even appears at the theatre with excellent effect, as it is sure to display some touch of bright color, or some striking effect which makes it very smart indeed. We hear much less about materials than we used to formerly, the fabric of the dress seeming of much less importance than the decoration, which is really what gives it individuality, and makes it suitable either for everyday wear or the most formal occasions. Smooth faced cloths are the favorite materials for elaborate tailor gowns, as they form such a good background for every trimming; but yet there is a great variety in the mixed goods shown. Invisible checks, and bayadere striped checks are the favorites, and they are made up into very simple and serviceable gowns with rows of machine stitching by way of trimming. If something more dressy is required they can be made quite smart with a pretty blouse vest braided revers, collar and cuffs, or a little fur or velvet. There are other pretty woolen fabrics with crosswise stripes in both straight and waved lines of different widths, in black or colored ground, and corded materials of two colors in a shot effect. Another decided novelty is woven with tucks that look wonderfully like the real thing, double and loose on one edge. Covert cloths and tweeds are both used for the plain tailor dress, and when the tints selected are neutral, they are relieved by plenty of braiding in white or black, or black and white mixed, and in tan and gold. Some sort of trimming up the back of the skirts, is one of fashion's fads just at present, and occasionally a skirt is seen braided heavily in V. shape up the back, beginning in a point at the waist and spreading out to fully twenty inches at the foot. Others have five or seven straight rows of braid down the middle of the front on each, these rows turning and trimming the skirt round the foot. Again, a skirt will be tucked all around, or up and down the front seams in five half inch tucks turning towards the back. A favorite trimming is cloth of either white, or some bright color covered with braiding and used for bands, vests, and collars and cuffs.

The announcement made early in the season that all skirts were to be trimmed has scarcely been verified, as amongst the tailor gowns there are many perfectly plain skirts. The skirt worn with the coat



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bodice, is especially liable to be either quite plain or have a very narrow trimming of braid around the bottom. This of course is only for street wear, as the skirts of the dressy cloth gowns are all elaborately trimmed.

[ASTRA.]

### NEAL DOW AND THE JOCKEY.

He Showed Practical Sympathy for an Unfortunate Boy.

Some years ago Neal Dow was passing down one of the streets of Portland, Maine, says the Christian Herald, when he came to a crowd of people. In the middle of the crowd stood a country lad, crying. A notorious horse-jockey, it appeared, had made the boy drunk, and then inveigled him into swapping his own good horse for a worthless broken-down animal. Everybody was sorry for the lad, but it was not Neal Dow's way to feel sorry and do nothing.

He led the way to the jockey's stable, nearly a mile distant, the boy following and leading the jockey's horse. The jockey not being there, the old horse was turned into the stable, and Mr. Dow, with the country lad still following, started down-town again. On the way they met the jockey in a wagon at which the lad's horse was attached.

"That is my horse," said the boy. Mr. Dow stepped into the road, took the horse by the bridle, and calling to one of his employees who happened to be passing at the time, told him to unharness the horse. This was done, the jockey swearing like a trooper, and threatening to take the law on Mr. Dow, who replied: "You will always know where to find me." Then telling the boy to take the horse, he started to lead the way down town where the lad's wagon had been left.

"Look a-here," said the jockey, "what am I to do with my wagon?"

"Do what you like," said Mr. Dow. "It is nothing to me."

As may be supposed, the country lad was full of joy and profuse with thanks. When he had unharnessed his horse, he said to Mr. Dow, "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Promise me not to drink any more." And the boy did so.

Some three years afterward Neal Dow was stopped by a countryman in the streets who, with a mouth stretched on a broad grin, said, pointing to the horse "There he is. I haint drunk no more."

### THE MOTORMAN'S PIE.

He Was Cheated out of it Through a Lady's Awkwardness.

A melancholy story of a motorman and his luncheon is told in the Washington Post:

The car was nearly ready to start, at the beginning of the route when a woman got on and took her place on the front seat along with the driver, a "stern, married-looking man," who had a basket beside him and was somewhat hurriedly eating his luncheon.

The woman began asking questions, and the man, as she left him opportunity, continued to snatch now and then a bite. By and by at the ring of the bell he let on the power and the car started, while he held in one hand a "great slab of cherry-pie."

A few blocks down the street an impish child danced across the track suddenly so near the car that the gripman put on the brakes, and the woman with the inquiring mind rose to her feet in alarm. The dan-

ger passed, she sat down again heavily. The stern-faced gripman had ceased to eat his pie.

"You don't have much time for meals, do you?" asked the woman with the inquiring mind.

"No'm," replied the gripman, sadly.

"Where's your pie?" went on the woman with the inquiring mind.

The gripman looked at her wistfully.

"You're sitting on it," he said.

And she was.

Cause for Rejoicing.

Sunday School Teacher: And when the prodigal son returned home his father fell upon his neck and blessed him. Why did he do that?

Scholar: 'Cause he was so glad to think he didn't come back with a wife and family, I s'pose.

Parting Shot.

Mrs. Highbury—Yes, I advertised for a footman, but you are too small. You will hardly do.

Applicant (backing out of the room)—Then you didn't really want a footman, mum! you wanted a six footman.

Repeating.

"Shall we," he asked, "repair hence?"

"Here," she answered, simply, for her tire was already punctured.

In the meanwhile her kit comprised four caramels and a monkey wrench.

Promises of Reform.

"Jackson has an advertisement in this paper which reads: 'Come back, and I'll be good.'"

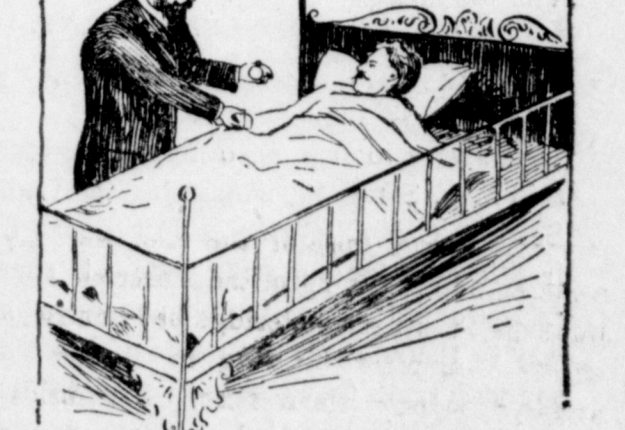
"Has his wife left him?"

"No; it's the cook."

All people who play the fiddle look something alike.

**Nobody is Safe from It.**

Mr. Jas. Barry, 28 Hunter Street E., Hamilton, Ont., says: "For the past five years I have had Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form. My kidneys were in such a frightful condition that they discharged blood."



"I was unable to work, and most of the time could not sleep. I became so excited and suffered such fearful pains in my back, that I was unable to do the least thing. I was in the hospital, where I was treated by several physicians, and I also took many kinds of medicine, but without relief until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Spackman's drug store last January."

"Since taking them I have been getting better rapidly. I can now work without inconvenience. They restored my strength, removed the pains from my back, made my kidneys healthy and strong, so that they are able to perform their work easily and well, thereby carrying off all the poisonous secretions which before used to mingle with my blood, and became diffused through my entire system."

"I am only too happy to give this testimony as to the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills, so that others may be benefited by their use as I have been."

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